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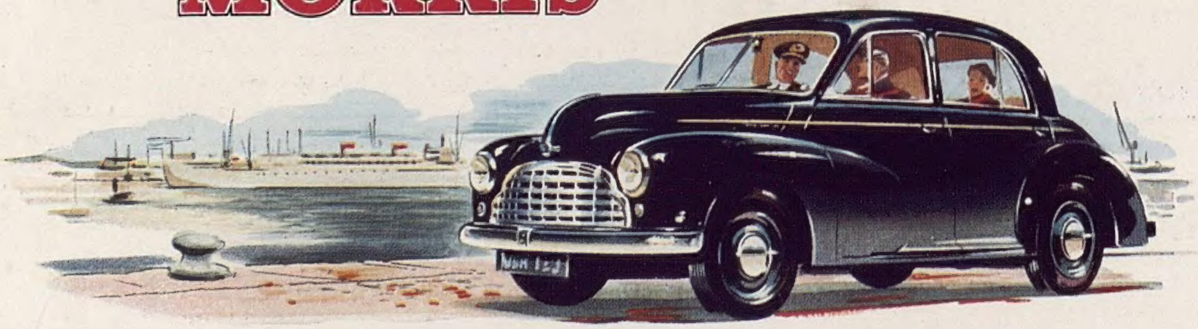

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Schweppshire Post

VOL. CICLXVIII No. 96 — CIRENSCHWEPSTER, 1952. — SCHWEPPENCE

COUNCILLOR COLLIDES WITH COW

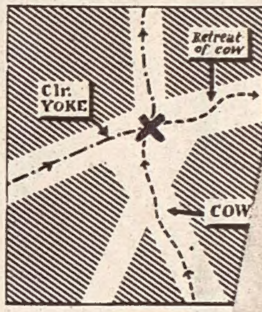
ESCAPES WITH SLIGHT ABRASIONS

Schwepton Mallet, Tuesday

A small automobile was the focus of what might have been an unpleasant event for Schweppshire this morning. Pedestrians were taken unaware when Councillor Alfred Yoke, turning past Galway Mansions, found himself face to face with an unguarded Shorthorn, which, but for Yoke's presence of mind, might have received serious injury.

Councillor Yoke (left). Cow (right)

POST has long campaigned for one way traffic in Waterworks Lane. Here, if further proof were needed, is further proof that yet another POST campaign should not be allowed to join the realm of lost causes.



Powers sign treaty

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Our 2,000th Registered Reader will meet the Editors of 'POST'

Everyone in Cirenschwepster knows the POST offices at the corner of Groabham Gardens, spaciously designed to give pleasant working conditions to our eager staff. Triple fenestration allows maximum egress to light and air, and a lofty aspect overlooks one of Cirenschwepster's most teeming scenes.

Telephonic communication puts POST within immediate reach of Schweppshire's farthest corners. A delivery van, on which we have first claims, *(TURN TO P. 4, COL. 6)*

The Offices of POST (arrow). Visible in the picture:
1 Home and Colonial Editor
2 City and Fashion Editor
3 Agricultural and Art Editor
4 Schweppshire Lad (Sport and Public Relations)

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

NIL NISI NIL

The more than international interest aroused by the Guide to Schweppshire demands a response. We hope, during 1952, to be able to reprint pages from our daily organ,
THE SCHWEPPSHIRE POST,
thus vividly pin-pointing, uniquely,
SCHWEPPSHIRE'S LIFE TO-DAY

. . for ye that fare further, longer is the way . .

STREETCAR KIDNAPPED

in Hove, Pa.

SCHWEPPSHIRE VISITOR got off in time

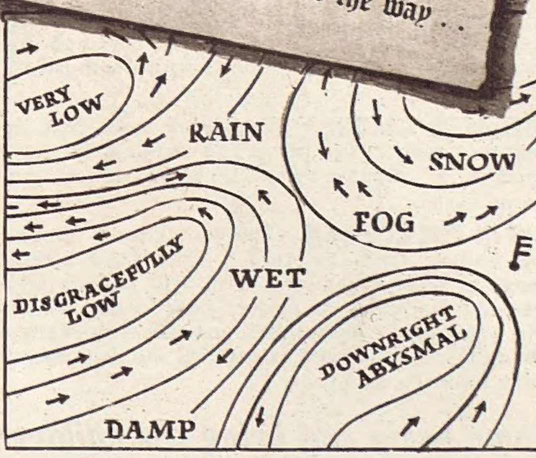
J. Johns, our local apothecary, nearly had first-hand experience of gang warfare, when *(Turn to p. 2, col. 1)*

World Premiere

NEW FILM ACCLAIMED

Schweppshire Man in charge of Buffet

I chanced on "Bandy" Rombold of Aden Gardens dealing out drinks smartly to a *(TURN TO P. 4, COL. 6)*



WEATHER FORECAST. GENERAL. *Dull intervals.* NORTH: *Dull all day.* SOUTH: *Intensely dull.* MIDDLE: *Schweppitome of dullness.*

Written by Stephen Potter - Drawn by Lewitt-Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

You'll see the Latest Things and get Better Values

The 'Centre of England' will be at Olympia this year!

A REAL VILLAGE. For the first time, the great National Hall has been transformed into a complete English Village, real to the last brick, with an Inn and Shops around a Village Green, six houses of new and striking design including the People's House and Old Folks' Bungalow. A CARAVAN TOWN of Homes on Wheels for permanent occupation, including 2-storey caravans—all open for inspection and fully furnished—the modern solution of the housing problem ; and a model of a site for 200 homes complete with playgrounds, shops, lighted streets and gardens.

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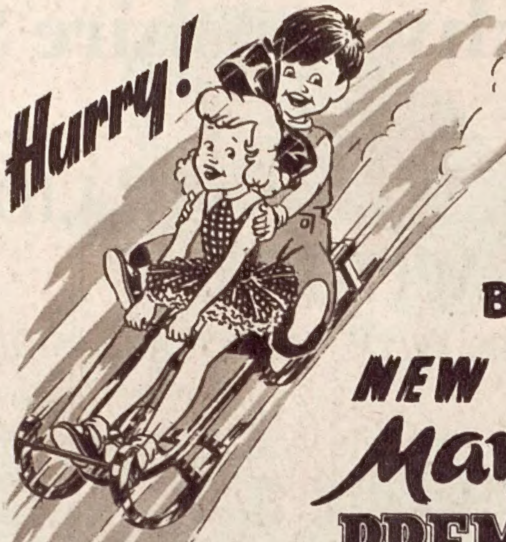

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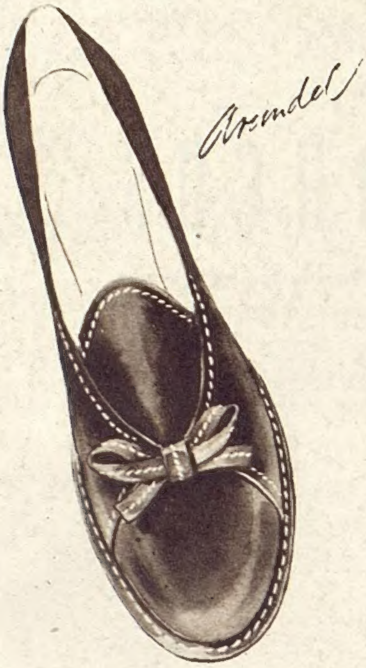

Spring

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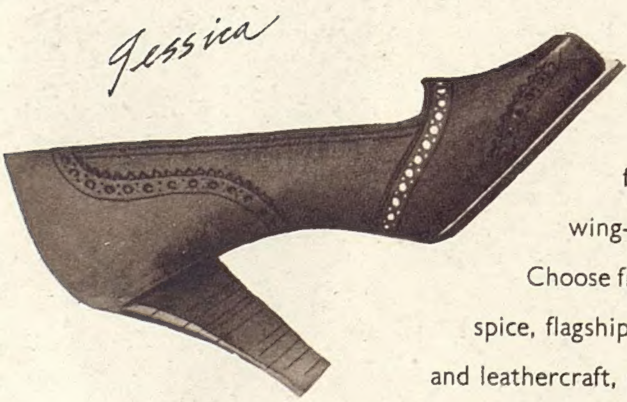

Pick a stroller, a roll-top walker, a flyhigh lace, a new-as-'52 Magpie trim. **Pick a court**, wing-fronted, feather-welted, in soft, hand-treated leathers. Choose from a spring-mix of unexpected colours — hawthorn, ginger spice, flagship blue, cognac. Choose freshness and elegance, style sense and leathercraft, in any one, in one and all of Clarks COUNTRY CLUB.

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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1952

Photographed by Karsh.

ROYAL FAMILY

The charming young couple whose movements will be followed with absorbed interest all over the world with their son who was born to become King of England. The first Queen Elizabeth was a Tudor; the name of the Royal House changes, but the line goes back unbroken to the very first kings in English history.

" . . . or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch."

Our Motley Notes

By Toby O'Brien

I AM glad that nearly all the newspapers have pointed out—and how rightly—that England has always flourished under a Queen (tactfully overlooking a lady called Matilda, who had a pretty tough time and plunged the country into civil war). It has been gratifying to see that even those newspapers who were subtly " narking " the Queen (*vide* my notes a fortnight ago on concealed Republicanism in this country) when she, as Princess, went to join her husband in Malta, have been falling over themselves with that faintly emetic over-adulation which seems to be *de rigueur* on great Royal occasions. Our new Queen needs no such " glorious Technicolor " boosting to enshrine her in the hearts of an embarrassedly-moved and tongue-tiedly approving British people.

Two things emerge from the overwhelming spate of messages, sermons and leading articles. They are two points which one can only hope that the Queen's personal and political advisers will watch most carefully. The most important is the statement of Dr. Don, the Dean of Westminster, stressing the over-great burden which is laid on the King, and, in another communion, Mgr. Ronald Knox's statement that " We have lost him ; in a sense, we killed him. He was a man who would always have been happy in charge of a Scout-camp ; we gave him a Commonwealth to govern, and our restless demands on his care, his encouraging voice, his courteous presence, killed him." *Somehow* it must be possible to lift *some* of the burden of paper work which presses on a modern constitutional sovereign. " There is a divinity doth hedge a King " is all very well, but a despatch-box that weighs him down is quite another matter.

Normally, the King's Private Secretary changes with a change of monarch. I am glad to see that Sir Alan Lascelles has been induced to stay on, because the small staff attached to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, headed by Major Martin Charteris and Commander Michael Parker respectively, while extremely able, discreet and charming, are not yet of what one might call the high Royal Civil Servant status to carry out this major alleviation of the Royal responsibility. Indeed, even if they were older and more experienced than they are, the huge volume of work which must have accumulated as a result of the King's death is of such formidable proportions that they must surely become engulfed in it, and their Royal mistress with them.

THE second point arises out of the first, and that is the admirable ordering of fate which has ordained it that our greatest Queens should always have by them a great statesman at the beginning of their reign. Queen Elizabeth had her Burleigh, Queen Victoria her Melbourne—though I think that Sir Charles Petrie is stretching history a little far for so eminent a historian when he pushes the parallel to the Duke of Marlborough and Queen Anne. The backstairs influence of the great Sarah may have been accidentally

for the good of the country, but only accidentally, as it was primarily directed to the furthering of the interests of the great Duke and herself. It is to be hoped that Mr. Churchill can spare the time from his immense responsibilities (and perhaps to detach some leading figure from the higher ranks of the Civil Service) to study the whole question of how to save the Monarchy from its own sense of devotion. It is the strength of our Monarchy, which has been so admirably demonstrated by the upsurge of emotion and affection from all over the world in the last few weeks, that it is above politics. It would be greatly weakened if the position of the Monarch became submerged in a flood of political and other official papers.

MR. R. A. BUTLER, who seems unfortunately to be destined to hold the centre of the stage for the next few months, has the misfortune to be little known outside his immediate circle of friends. Yet I doubt if there is another man, with the exception of Lord Woolton, on the organisation side, who is more responsible for the revival of the Conservative Party after its disastrous defeat in 1945. There can be no doubt about his immense capabilities. Those who do not know him, however, find him a little cold and even inhuman. (Somebody once described all the Butlers as being "descended from a long line of maiden aunts.") This impression is wholly misleading. "Rab" has an excellent sense of humour, and any "coldness" is, I believe, as is so often the case, only the product of shyness. On the basis that "children and dogs know," too, the charge of inhumanity cannot be sustained. Nobody who, like "Rab," loves and is beloved of children can be inhuman, for the young are great natural debunkers. On one occasion, "Rab" was staying in the house of a mutual friend for some big political rally. After tea, the local political worthies noticed that he had slipped away. A search found him in the nursery on all fours playing bears with the children. I am told that the realism of his growls brought ecstatic cries of joy from the young. Alas, that he is forced into a position where he cannot produce any such reaction from any of us!

THE miserable events in Egypt, and particularly the rioting in Cairo, for which the Government are pressing for adequate compensation, brought home the seriousness of the situation to the thousands upon thousands of Britons who were based on Cairo or who visited it on leave during the last war. Their memories will be varied: Shepheard's, with its excessive prices, its unorthodoxly-attired young men out of the desert (what a pity that the brief respectability of that most comfortable form of footwear, suède shoes, which these tough young men conferred, does not appear to have survived the post-war years); Groppi's, with its little sweet cakes and the plump little pouter-pigeon Egyptian women with their eye-veils, be-ringed fingers, fat little feet crammed into Parisian shoes, hands redolent of "all the perfumes of Arabia," and a greedy eye for chocolate éclairs; the "Auberge des Pyramides," with its menus which were so attractive to those straight out of the desert, so startling to those straight from the black-out and Woolton Pie in London; the Turf Club, where it was difficult to believe that the régime of Cromer and Lloyd no longer existed; the Mahommed Ali, with the monstrously wealthy Pashas gambling for stakes far higher than British generals could afford.

The news, shortly before the rioting, that the Gezira Club had been taken over by the Egyptians, and that Sir Ralph Stevenson had resigned, carried me back to happy memories of racing there on Saturday afternoons, if one happened to be in Cairo. There were not more than a dozen owners, not more than eight jockeys—saturnine gentlemen with Italian or Maltese names, or who were palpably "dwellers about Cyrene." There was not the slightest point in studying the form of the horses. It was, however, important to know the relationships of the owners and the form of the jockeys. If I was in Cairo on a Saturday, I used to go racing with Denis Craig, brother of the present Lord Craigavon and probably the greatest authority on the form and breeding of horses in this country. Denis, a portentous figure at that time, would take time off from his important military duties to bet on one big race. Alas, he lived in a world, as I say, of *sancta simplicitas*. He would spend a long time in the paddock studying the animals, having spent even longer beforehand studying their form and breeding. I recall on one occasion that he told me there was one horse that was just bred for the distance, that had not been run that season, but had won the previous year at Heliopolis. It was, indeed, a handsome animal. He urged Patrick Kinross and myself to follow his example and put our shirts on it. At that time there was no indication—as all betting was done by the Tote—as to what odds might be expected, except for a large board on which was written up: "Town Betting." Now, on this occasion the favourite had some 2000 units placed on it, the second favourite, 1700; and so on down to our horse, whose chances had apparently been almost universally overlooked, for it only had seventeen. However, sure enough our horse won—though those with binoculars appeared to see the other jockeys practically pulling their own steeds' heads off while giving a surreptitious thwack on the rump of our beast in order to ensure that it kept ahead. When finally, if with difficulty, it triumphantly passed the post first, Denis turned to me. I remember his words to this day. "This," he said, "will be the wager of the century, my dear Toby. The odds will be fantastic." Indeed, he was right. They were 2½ to 1. The Pashas had not arranged the winner until almost the last minute, and our horse had only just scraped home with a million piastres in hand—or, rather, in the hands of his and the other owners.

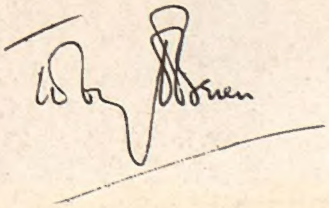
THE END OF THE JOURNEY.

The coffin of King George VI. is carried through the wide doorway into the ancient quiet of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, followed by the Queen, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and the Princess Royal; behind them the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Gloucester, the Duke of Windsor and the Duke of Kent.

SOME deliciously muddled thinking has gone into the correspondence in *The Times* on the tourist allowance, in which I found myself involved. The "Headmistress of Eton" (if that is Mrs. Robert Birley's correct title) appeared to get quite cross with me quite unnecessarily. The thing that really maddened me about the whole correspondence was the suggestion that somehow some moral virtue had been discovered in never wishing to spend more than £25 on a foreign holiday, which was totally unsuspected until about 4.50 p.m. on January 29.

Not even Messrs. R. A. Butler and John Boyd-Carpenter have suggested the discovery of some mouldering papyrus in which the scholarly gentlemen of the Treasury had deciphered a hitherto unsuspected addition to the decalogue: "Thou shalt not spend more than 175 shekels among the Gentiles or 105 shekels on taking thy chariot the other side of Jordan." (I take the shekel rate of exchange as 7 heavy shekels to the £.)

I am sure the restrictions may be necessary—though I hope only temporary. I applaud these young people who do as I used to do and bike or hike abroad, living frugally. But I refuse to admit any special virtue in this—or any other manifestations of the Lowest Common Denominator state.



Child . . .

Mother . . .

QUEEN

Queen Elizabeth II. was born on April 21, 1926; on December 12, 1936, her father was proclaimed King and she became Heir Presumptive to the throne. On November 20, 1947, she married Prince Philip of Greece; their son, Prince Charles, now Heir Apparent, was born on November 14, 1948. Our new Queen succeeded her father on the day he died, February 6, 1952, the proclamation of her succession being read all over England on February 8.

OUR BOOKSHELF

A PENNY FOR THE HARP. By Oliver Onions. (*Michael Joseph ; 12s. 6d.*)

CATHERINE CARTER. By Pamela Hansford Johnson. (*Macmillan ; 12s. 6d.*)

BORN TWICE. By Olga Franklin. (*Peter Garnett ; 10s. 6d.*)

PLEASURES OF NEW WRITING, an Anthology. Edited by John Lehmann. (*John Lehmann ; 21s.*)

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

MR. OLIVER ONIONS has never been a popular writer; he is, indeed, one of those fastidious artists whose filigree prose is, in itself, a deterrent to the rushed and lazy reader. His kindred in this century and in this respect is perhaps with Leonard Merrick and M. P. Shiel, both of whom have been described as novelists' novelists. Mr. Onions has not Shiel's windy verboseness nor Merrick's stale pessimism, but as they did, he writes for a comparatively small but devoted following. His literary history has been a curious one. His first book, a series of sketches rather in the manner of Hope's *Dolly Dialogues* and called *The Compleat Bachelor*, was published more than half-a-century ago, and from its appearance until the 1920's he wrote many fine novels and some of the best ghost-stories in the language. There was a silence of nearly twenty years till 1945, when we were suddenly given that silver thread of narrative *The Story of Ragged Robyn*. It has been followed by three books which have one character, and little else, in common—*Poor Man's Tapestry, Arras of Youth* and now *A Penny for the Harp*.

I should be less than honest if I did not say at once that this fine historical novel is even less calculated to make a wide appeal than its predecessors. In addition to some obscurities of language and a few mannerisms, it has a certain obscurity of plot which makes it necessary to turn back and re-read at times. We meet again the mysterious Robert Gandelyn, as interesting but as enigmatic as ever, and we move with some bewilderment among the castles and hills of the Welsh border. But what rewards there are in this jewelled story! It seems to have a destiny of its own, to move forward, not like romance towards some fabricated climax, but like history, inevitably, serenely, naturally. Its grimly beautiful ending in the last few pages of the book is perhaps the finest thing which this master storyteller has written.

MISS PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON'S new novel, *Catherine Carter*, is also historical, for the London theatre of the 1880's seems as remote to us of this restless and screeching present as Shakespeare's stage must have seemed to Sheridan. The author's research has probably been considerable; her details are touched-in without apparent effort and the resulting picture of a period is clear and convincing. Whether it is "true-to-life" in the sense of being recognisable as authentic by someone who knew its time and place, does not seem greatly to matter, for a world is created here, a world in which we believe, in which we are at home as we read, and this, surely, is "all we ought to ask." Rather surprisingly, we find that the book is primarily a love-story—surprisingly, because the scenery and costume of another age seem most often nowadays to be adopted by novelists for more complicated purposes, the study of family relationships, for instance, or stark pictures of monstrous old men dominating all about them. It is, moreover, a very moving and honest love-story, told simply through a long sequence of cumulative incident. It was brave of the author to choose a theme which has confused and wrecked many others—love between actor and actress, complicated by their separate ambitions, jealousies and successes. Catherine Carter is shown at first as a young woman who stubbornly insists that she "wants to act"; Henry Peverel as an actor already very successful and on his way to greater triumphs. He agrees to hear her recite and gives her a place in his company. She is soon in love with Henry, who is fifteen years older than she is, but for a time her own belief in herself clashes with his artist's mild and natural paranoia, his refusal to admit competition. Their rivalry and lives are eventually fused in a fine joint performance of *Antony and Cleopatra*. This too summarily gives the outline of a rich and subtle story.

From *Mary Garden's Story*, by Mary Garden and Louis Biancolli (Michael Joseph ; 15s.). The singer's autobiography is told with grace and good manners.

MISS OLGA FRANKLIN'S *Born Twice* is an unusual book, an autobiography written almost as though each chapter was intended to appear under headlines in a voluminous daily newspaper. A journalist herself, the author has the Pressman's trick of buttonholing her reader with an opening sentence each time she moves forward. Here are some chapter beginnings: "Betsy Bela got married very suddenly." "The trouble with Father was that he loved to sing before breakfast." "Children in love with their parents endure all the pains of love and jealousy which they have to suffer again in adult life with their lovers." "I wept the day we moved from the house where we had grown up." "Father overslept on the day of my wedding and did not arrive until after the reception had begun." And so on. But these staccato openings, with their suggestion of heavy type and sensational details to follow, do not mean that this book is either melodramatic or dishonest. In material, it is a sober, rather winning story of a girl, granddaughter of Russian-Jewish immigrants, who grows up with her sisters in the English provinces. She meets, loves and marries a young German who dies tragically of tuberculosis after a very short illness. She attempts to commit suicide, but is saved by a German doctor, the best-portrayed minor character in the book. She recovers, goes to work again, lives through the difficulties of wartime, joins the staff of a provincial newspaper, tries to interview Prince Philip, succeeds better with miners' families and finally moves to London, where she gets a job on a daily newspaper. It is all a little sentimental and naïve, as the hard boilings of Fleet Street are apt to be, but it is written with honesty and feeling.

THE fourth anthology which Mr. John Lehmann has made from material published in his magazine is called *Pleasures of New Writing*. How is it, one cannot help asking, that a periodical whose comparatively few issues can be mined in this way, could not itself survive? No shop window for young writers of serious intention has replaced it, and it is a sad reflection that scarcely any of the longer stories in this book, if they were written to-day, would be published in any existing magazine. This collection of fifty contributions, stories, poems and sketches, again shows what service that modest-looking periodical Penguin book did to bring to wider notice not only new English writers, many of whose names had their first printing in its pages, but also the work of Europeans too little known or quite unknown to English readers. The blurb lists several of the latter: Chamson, Supervielle, Silone, Brancati, as well as Americans like Lionel Trilling and J. F. Powers. The editor states in effect that his title is significant, for these pieces gave him pleasure when he first read them and again now. If indeed it is to be judged by this most exigent touchstone, the collection is a disappointing one, but viewed merely as a hotch-potch of writing, bits and pieces by a wide variety of authors issued during the last fifteen years, it has value and significance.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

DR. VIPER.
By Philip Goose. (*Cassell ; 21s.*)

A vastly entertaining account of the most quarrelsome of English eccentrics, Philip Thicknesse, whose adventurous life almost spanned the eighteenth century.

NOVELETTE.
By A. L. Barker. (*Hogarth Press ; 12s. 6d.*)

An uneven but interesting collection of short stories. Some, like *The Freak* and *Pringle*, are rather tricky and slick; others are more direct.

ON DREAMS.
By Sigmund Freud. Newly translated by James Strachey. (*Hogarth Press ; 9s. 6d.*)

A useful new issue of a textbook long out of print.

I BREAK MY WORD.
By Ivor Brown. (*Cape ; 7s. 6d.*)

This is the sixth book of words which Mr. Brown has produced, and it will be a pity if it is indeed to be the last. It contains such luscious specimens as "fantoosh," "salariat," "marasmus" and "bubukle."

TRIAL BY TANDEM.
By Alan McCulloch. (*Allen and Unwin ; 15s.*)

A jerkily descriptive account of an artist's journey with his wife on a tandem cycle from Paris to Southern Italy.

PANORAMA.
By Phyllis Bentley. (*Gollancz ; 12s. 6d.*)

Seven short stories of Yorkshire life in different periods, arranged with the effect of continuity.

Photographed by George Konig.

LEAVING FOR MALAYA

Lady Templer, photographed with her son and daughter, is joining her husband, General Sir Gerald Templer, High Commissioner in Malaya, at the end of this month. Eighteen-year-old Miss Jane Templer flies with her; six-year-old Miles follows by sea. Lady Templer was Miss E. M. Davie before her marriage and comes from North Devon: our photograph shows the family in their Walton-on-Thames home. Miss Templer has been studying domestic science and was to have learned catering; in Malaya she will probably do Red Cross work.

"Dieu a Besoin des Hommes."

For England the title of this film has been changed to *Isle of Sinners*, which does little to convey the theme implicit in the original title. "Need" is the operative word; the need for God by the rough and ignorant sinners who lived, with difficulty, on a barren island off the coast of Brittany a hundred years ago. Their priest, despairing of them, deserts them; his duties are gradually assumed by Thomas, the sacristan, who finds that more and more is required of him by these rough people in urgent need of God. They are seen in their little church; Thomas, played by Pierre Fresnay, on the altar steps. Paul Graetz produced the film, which ends its run at the New Gallery to-day; will be at the Continentale, Tottenham Court Road, in a few days' time.

WELCOME BACK

There was a tremendous welcome for Margot Fonteyn at Covent Garden on February 9 when she returned from six months' absence from the Sadler's Wells Company; spontaneous and prolonged cheering followed her appearance in Frederick Ashton's *Daphnis and Chloe*. To the joy of her huge public she has now fully recovered from the foot injury of some time ago which was the cause of her enforced absence.

Pathos, lyricism and a unique ability to inhabit the lost worlds of legendary ballet set Margot Fonteyn apart. She plays *The Sleeping Princess*, one part in her large range, as a timeless creature whose sleep has been more than an oblivion; haunting dreams and forgotten experience are implicit in her performance.

Prima Ballerinas are not born often. Dame Ninette de Valois knew what her company possessed when she promoted Fonteyn, at the age of sixteen, from the Corps de Ballet to her first great rôles; *Baisèe de la Fée* was the first she created; the other early ones were taken over from Markova.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

FEB. 6-15.—Needless to say, all social activities stopped during these sad days; people's plans were confined to hearing the Proclamation read, visiting Westminster Hall and seeing the last of their King pass in the great funeral cortège. The atmosphere at Claridge's on the day before was subdued, and everyone wore mourning; there were crowds outside to watch the coming and going of the many Royalties staying at the hotel with their suites, but in the big entrance hall there was no crowding and little staring as they passed to and fro.

FEB. 16.—New picture exhibitions opened at several galleries during the preceding ten days; at the Marlborough were paintings and pastels of Paris by Paul Maze. The lovely city can hardly fail to look charming; among people who went to see it on canvas were the Duke of Buccleuch; Lord Sandwich, whose ancestor invented what is dangerously near to becoming our national nourishment; Mr. Michael Berry, Lord Camrose's son; Sir Ronald Storrs, and H. E. Bates, the writer. The Hanover Gallery had the first exhibition in England of paintings by Walter Stuempfig, an American whose work is of a very national nature—street scenes, brooding adolescents and lots of green and yellow. Felix Kelly, a painter admirer of Stuempfig, whose work he first saw in New York, was there. He has made a great success of painting country houses and has been commissioned by their owners to do many famous ones, getting them on to small canvases yet preserving an air of space. He has also produced some attractive pictures of Spain, where he lived for a time; is now preparing for an exhibition at the Leicester Galleries later in the year.

FEB. 17.—Saw Mr. Felix Hope-Nicholson, lately back from a long stay with his sister, Mme. Jean Hugo, at Mas Fourques, in Provence. Mas is Provençal for Manor; the house was left to Jean Hugo, Victor Hugo's great-grandson, by his mother's family. Many interesting people go there, including, while Felix Hope-Nicholson was there, the Duchesse de Gramont, who was Princess Maria Ruspoli and a famous beauty. She married the then old Duc de Gramont, as his third wife, when she was seventeen; rather alarming, as he was proud of being the rudest man on earth and very eccentric; he gave his little finger to Proust. Her elder son was killed fighting for England in the war. Also staying with the Hugos were Louise de Vilmorin, famous French authoress and a great friend of Sir Duff and Lady Diana Cooper; Georges Auric, the composer, and Jacques Porel, only son of the great actress, Réjane, who opened the Théâtre Réjane in Paris, and is probably best remembered here and in America for her performances in *Madame Sans Gene*. On February 26 the 150th anniversary of Victor Hugo's birth will be celebrated at Mas Fourques.

FEB. 15.—WEDDING IN EDINBURGH. Mr. Robin Sinclair, son of Sir Archibald and Lady Sinclair, married Mrs. Margaret Beaumont Brokensha at Prestonfield House, lent by Mrs. James Dick-Cunyngham. The bridegroom's parents were unable to be there owing to Sir Archibald's illness.

FEB. 16.—NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER ARRIVES. Gen. Sir Gerald Templer, the new High Commissioner in Malaya, was met by Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, Commissioner-General for the U.K. in S.E. Asia, when he arrived with the Deputy H.C., Mr. Donald MacGilvray.

FEB. 16.—AUSTRALIANS IN LONDON. Mr. Michael Moore married Miss Rosemary Winter-Cooke at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Bride and bridegroom both come from Melbourne, Australia.

FEB. 18.—ROYAL BIRTHDAY. Princess Marijke, youngest daughter of Queen Juliana of the Netherlands and Prince Bernhard, was five to-day. This model racing car is one of her favourite toys. Her elder sisters are keen ski-ers.

LORD ISMAY AND HIS DAUGHTER LEAVING FOR GROSVENOR CHAPEL.

FEB. 18.—Had a drink with Mr. Derek Patmore, who was just back from Dublin, where he had been seeing about the production, later in the year, of his dramatisation of Dostoievsky's *The Possessed* at the Gate Theatre; the famous novel has not been dramatised before. Derek Patmore has also lately spent a year in Spain, and is now writing a book about it, a successor to his *Traveller in Venice.* While in Spain he met Benavente, the greatest living Spanish playwright, who gave him the rights to translate his plays into English. Both as a writer and as a personality Benavente is comparable with Shaw; he is eighty-three and very vigorous; had three new plays produced in Madrid last year and is the only Spanish playwright who has won the Nobel prize. Spain, after being sealed up for so many years, has become a favourite place to visit, and its arts are gradually reaching us again. One of Derek Patmore's best-remembered works is *French for Love,* in which Delysia was so delightful.

FEB. 19.—Looked in at the Colony Room where Muriel Belcher presides over plenty of writers and painters: Francis Bacon, one of the few to whom the word "genius" is justifiably applied; Kate O'Brien, the novelist; Walter Baxter, who wrote *Look Down in Mercy*; Mr. and Mrs. Rodrigo Moynihan, both well-known painters—her professional name is Clare Bellingham-Smith; Christopher Isherwood; Andrew Rosenthal, author of *Third Person*; John Minton, Lucien Freud, Elizabeth Lutyens and many other active and interesting people who like seeing each other in animated seclusion.

FEB. 20. — *Women — by Men* was the subject of the speeches at Foyle's literary luncheon; the men chosen to speak were Sir William Russell Flint, Raymond, the hairdresser, Mr. John French, photographer, Mr. G. Mattli, dressmaker, and Mr. Godfrey Winn; Hermione Gingold, as Chairman, introduced them with a very amusing speech. She said that Raymond had been staring with horror all through lunch at her "monsoon cut": her hairdresser had told her he didn't mind doing her hair as long as she never said he did and she was now contemplating going along with her dog for a poodle cut. John French, she went on, had successfully photographed her and she was *very difficult,* needing *most careful* lighting; in the hope of one day affording one of Mr. Mattli's dresses she had started a piggy bank; Godfrey Winn was well equipped to speak about women, having three or four thousand *intimate* women friends. . . . It was hard for the men to be as entertaining about women as Miss Gingold had been about them, but each gave his professional angle on them with rather nervous politeness. Raymond pleaded for a new era of "lit-up brunettes," which apparently means ladies with "hair the colour of black tulips with lights burning inside them"; Godfrey Winn, that arch-journalist and exploiter of most corners of the home and Empire, was not, of course, limited by any angle and free to express his well-known, all-round warm-heartedness. There were lots of people there, among them Mr. Mark Longman, who married Lady Elizabeth Lambart, Cdr. Gower Robinson, Mrs. Eveleigh Nash and Miss Flora Sandstrom.

MISS MARY ISMAY'S BRIDESMAIDS AND PAGE.

MISS JENNIFER BEVAN.

MR. R. M. F. FINNIS AND HIS BRIDE.

FEB. 19.—The marriage of Miss Mary Ismay, daughter of Lord Ismay, Minister for Commonwealth Relations, and Lady Ismay, to Mr. R. M. F. Finnis took place on February 19 after all. This date having been announced, it was changed to February 12 because of Lord Ismay's expected absence abroad with Mr. Eden. The death of the King cancelled all plans; then the 19th, with no reception, was reverted to. Princess Margaret's former Lady-in-Waiting, Miss Jennifer Bevan, was among the guests at Grosvenor Chapel.

BEAUTY. All dolled up and a treat for the chaps. She didn't win, but at least she looked decorative.

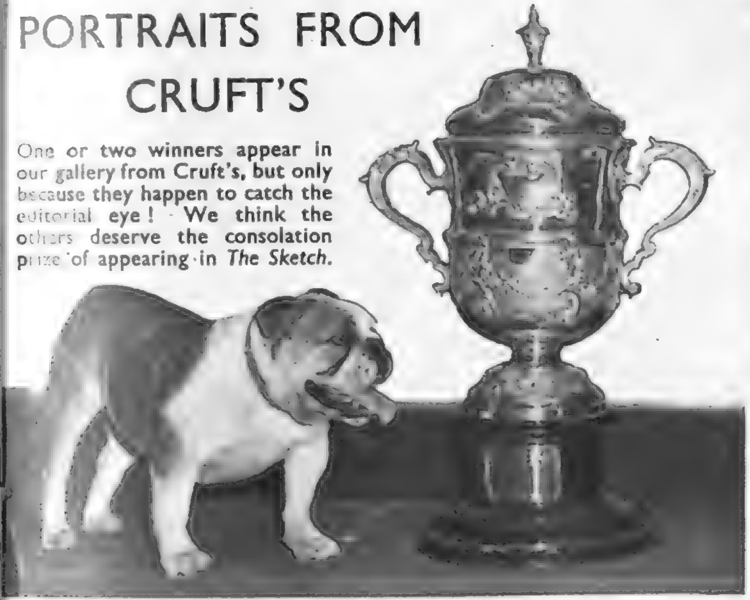
DEJECTION. A direct descendant of Dismal Desmond has certainly had enough long before the two days are over.

BOREDOM. All very well for the little bit of fluff on the opposite page, but a great bore for a tough.

COMPLACENCY. It 's a responsible job being a collie, but this one has no qualms about being up to it.

PORTRAITS FROM CRUFT'S

One or two winners appear in our gallery from Cruft's, but only because they happen to catch the editorial eye ! We think the others deserve the consolation prize of appearing in *The Sketch*.



BLASE. What 's a cup, however big, to the supreme champion of the show ?

HAUTEUR. Let the vulgar stare ; lineage lifts this character high above the multitude.

SYCOPHANT. The desire to please is conveyed with soupy eyes and lolling tongue ; hurrah ! for an audience.

TRIUMPHANT. She was champion of all breeds on the first day and is justifiably proud.

DISILLUSION. They know this old game backwards and only carry on to oblige their owners.

AT THE THEATRE . .

Bet Your Life. Sally Ann Howes as Jane and Julie Wilson as Kay, who together managed to stop the show on the first night "All on Account of a Guy."

★ First Choice ★

BET YOUR LIFE

(Hippodrome)

FOR me the island of Corsica had meant Napoleon and—this is erudite—a dash of Boswell. Now it means Arthur Askey in skirts, Julie Wilson in despair, and a mixed lot of bandits. Alan Melville, as author, has enjoyed himself so briskly in taking us to Corsica that there may be no point in asking why he did not choose Morocco or Sicily or Liechtenstein. (Anyway, why not ask? It does no harm.) Practically anywhere would have sufficed, though somebody—Brian Reece, I think—does bar the Isle of Man. Corsica lets us have some new costumes and a fevered dance, the farandole. So Corsica it is; and, thanks to the Hippodrome, we know just what life can be in Ajaccio. Or do we?

Fevered is the word. The cast rackets through with so much vigour that the plot could be wilder than it is; and, believe me, that would be difficult. Arthur Askey is a jockey with a trick of dreaming the next day's winners, complete with starting prices. Thus his sleeping hours are of high importance to his friend "Crackerjack" of *The Morning Clarion*; to the Vicomte Rene de Saint Sibour (Freddy Hawkins to some of us), and to most of the bandits in Corsica. I should add the jockey's wife, who is the daughter of J. Wellington Cocklebury—the Christian name suits Napoleon's island—President of the Anti-Gambling League of America.

Agreed: the plot is not very easy to follow. But, as someone said of a French comedy in a drawing of fifty years back, we go to a musical play to see the acting, not to understand the plot. We go also to hear the music which, this time, is by Kenneth Leslie-Smith and Charles Zwar, and is often pleasant, though a certain glumness can dash our spirits. The Melville lyrics are invariably cunning. It is simple enough to paste rhymes together, but Melvillainy means something far different: the lyrics here are shaped and considered, not grabbed from the lucky bag. The dialogue is less apt. There are some tired jokes, and the players have to make their own path. Admirably they do.

Observe, say, the vehement energy of Julie Wilson, still true to everyone in her fashion, and now calling for "a great big hulk of male." And note how Arthur Askey goes about his comic business. Askey for some may be an acquired taste—certainly a section of the first-night upper circle seemed to have mixed views—but he does not pretend to be glossy-sophisticated. He is a Funny Little Man, a genial fellow with a taste for charades, for singing gentle chorus songs ("Don't look now!" for example), and for turning up in the odder disguises—Greek uniform for one, in which he does look like "a fugitive from *Swan Lake*." Towards the end he is an air hostess on a most extraordinary flight. His joy in the childlike-and-bland is sometimes tedious; but he is a good-tempered fellow; as he beams at you through those owl-spectacles, he is disarmingly eager to please his play-mates. Here it was an idea to cast him as a jockey—a part unsuited to a Fred Emney—and to allow him a horse of his own at the last.

Sally Ann Howes can guard the sentimental songs; and Brian Reece is amiably at her side, though (remember him in *Tough at the Top*) he needs something more to act. The most enjoyably mad performance is Tom Gill's: he spits French from one side of his mouth and spiv-Cockney from the other, and when he is in swoop-and-surge the theatre seems newly-aired. Dancing is as gay and ingenious as we could wish: at one stage, Corsica has no fewer than four mock-Askeys, all in simultaneous caper.

★ Also Chosen ★

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

(Old Vic)

I WANT to make it clear that *Bet Your Life* becomes the First Choice of a fortnight in which, as the only new West End production staged for a run, it is—so to speak—returned unopposed. If the Bristol Old Vic's revival of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* had been on for longer than a fortnight, it would have had my delighted vote.

Denis Carey, that wise man of the West, has made an enchantment of the lyric comedy which seems to us now like a notebook for so much Shakespearean work to come. Here are plain hints of *The Merchant of Venice, Twelfth Night, Romeo and Juliet*; first drafts of certain familiar situations; lines whose phrasing and cadence foreshadow glories ahead. It is a game in itself to trace the likenesses, and all the while Shakespeare is telling, with the gayest naïvete, a romantic taradiddle that is as fresh as early morning, a brook with the sun on it. The true voice sounds in such a line as: "O how this spring of love resembleth the uncertain glory of an April day!" The last seven words neatly hit off the piece. And the April-day comedy has in Launce and his dog Crab a pair of drolls that can charm us when they are acted, as at the Old Vic, by such players as Michael Aldridge and friend.

Denis Carey's revival, treated as a masque, takes our heart because it does not patronise the play or allow us to see a producer behind it, whispering: "Of course, we all know this is preposterous." Nothing of the kind; there is no self-consciousness here. A most likeable cast, shipshape and Bristol-fashion, is doing the little piece with happy zeal and attack, and missing neither the poetry nor the fun. Michael Aldridge (whom I have seen elsewhere as Othello, and who is a major Shakespearean to be) is a wistfully engaging Launce, with Newton Blick—looking like a Tenniel drawing—to exchange Elizabethan snip-snap. But it is the romantics' play: we have in Laurence Payne (Proteus), Pamela Alan (Julia), Gudrun Ure (Silvia) and John Neville (Valentine) an uncommonly good quartet, and Miss Alan copes as well as may be with Julia's early coyness, a pill for any player. Two of the best speakers are Laurence Payne and William Squire (the Duke of Milan). Still, the whole cast has an enviable clarity, and Mr. Neville can find the music in "What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?"

I was not sure about the interpolated songs: one wants "Who is Silvia?" to stand alone. But I was certainly sure about Hutchinson Scott's dignified and simple metal set, and about Denis Carey's wisdom in cutting two of the most unfortunate lines in Shakespeare: those at the last when Valentine, after accepting the sudden repentance of Proteus, and sparing his life, adds incredibly:

> And, that my love may appear plain and free,
> All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

It comes right, of course, though we cannot wonder that Silvia never speaks again. By cutting the lines, Mr. Carey saves us from discomfort. We do not mind the ultimate comic-operatic touch, the pardoning of the outlaws (remote ancestors of the bandits of *Bet Your Life*):

> They are reformed, civil, full of good,
> And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

There was never a more genial cobbling-up. Mr. Carey, in his curtain-speech (after Hugh Hunt had rightly praised the work of the Bristol Old Vic which he knows so well), called *The Two Gentlemen* a "charming and wilful comedy." What could be more apt?

. . with J. C. TREWIN

Two Gentlemen of Verona. Patricia Blyton as Lucetta and Pamela Alan as Julia.

Two Gentlemen of Verona. Newton Blick as Speed and Michael Aldridge as Launce.

Two Gentlemen of Verona. Pamela Alan as Julia, John Warner as Thurio and Laurence Payne as Proteus.

Present and Future

NOËL COWARD, who has written a new piece, *Quadrille,* for the Lunts—due here in the early autumn—has come back sharply with *Relative Values* at the Savoy. This, in the trim, clipped comedy manner of his first period, is very much at home at the Savoy, with the aid of Gladys Cooper's acute timing, Hugh McDermott's look of a glazed penguin, Angela Baddeley's compact resolution, Richard Leech's way with a tray and a literary allusion, and Judy Campbell's film star, Sidcup-into-Hollywood.

LIGHTS UP

London has other useful examples just now of the lighter comedy that fringes farce. *The Little Hut,* with Robert Morley (Lyric), runs on and on against that glowing Oliver Messel sky. At the Piccadilly, in *The White Sheep of the Family,* Jack Hulbert is still the most ingratiating cracksman since Raffles—better call him a master locksmith—and in *Figure of Fun,* at the Aldwych, John Mills endearingly stands on his head. *The Happy Time* (St. James's) is a comedy about the Gallic spirit in an Ottawa family of French-Canadians.

CALL HER MADAM

Billie Worth, who—with Anton Walbrook—will lead Irving Berlin's musical comedy, *Call Me Madam,* at the Coliseum, was among the first-night audience of *Bet Your Life* at the Hippodrome last week. She is the wife of Donald Burr. He, Jeff Warren, Robert Henderson, and many others are in the cast of a play "laid in two mythical countries—one Lichtenberg, the other the United States of America." The production, directed by Richard Bird for Jack Hylton, opens at Oxford next Tuesday (March 4), and will reach the Coliseum in mid-March. Two of the hit songs in *Call Me Madam,* which has run for some time in New York, are "Can You Use Any Money To-day?" and "It's a Lovely Day To-day." March 4 is Budget Day, but this, I am assured, is a coincidence.

CAGE ME A PEACOCK

"What a genial tonic Peacock is in this long, dark influenza of a world!" said J. B. Priestley. Now, to-night (February 27), at the Westminster, we are to have Anthony Sharp's version of *Nightmare Abbey,* Peacock's joke at the expense of melodramatic absurdity. It is the London Mask Theatre's second choice; John Fernald directs—his fourth production in the West End at the moment—and among the cast are Charles Lloyd Pack, Geoffrey Dunn, Eric Berry, Donald Eccles, Valerie Hanson, Anne Trego and Alan Macnaughtan. The Abbey, seat of Christopher Glowry, Esquire, is "a venerable family mansion in a highly picturesque state of semi-dilapidation."

GETTING AROUND

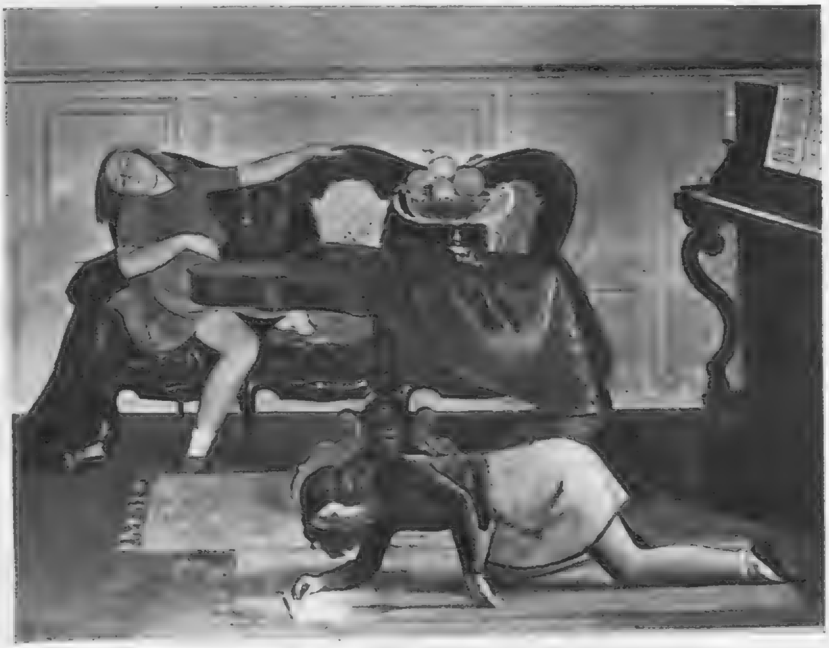
The Old Vic company, back from Scandinavia, will reach Waterloo Road on March 3, with Hugh Hunt's production of *King Lear,* Stephen Murray as the King. . . . The London run of Terence Rattigan's *The Deep Blue Sea,* with Peggy Ashcroft, begins at the Duchess on March 6. . . . Two Henry James plays, *The High Bid* and a curtain-raiser, *Still Waters,* open to-morrow at the New Boltons, under Basil Ashmore. . . . Owing to the success of *The Firstborn,* Alec Clunes has postponed his revival of *The Constant Couple* (Winter Garden) until the week of March 10.

HAIDEE.

BALTHUS, PAINTER OF SLOTH

Accidie, the noonday sloth, hangs heavily on most of this French painter's indoor subjects, which differ very much from his lovely, but less original, landscapes. He was born in 1910 and although his work is very well known in Paris it has not been shown here before the recent exhibition at the Lefèvre Gallery which included these pictures. "Haidee" dreams in richly-coloured afternoon light, her hair and the curtain hanging slackly towards each

LA CASERNE.



LE SALON.

NU À LA BASSINE.

other; in "La Caserne" the horse insists upon action, for which no-one, in the noonday heat, feels inclined. The children in "Le Salon" are abandoned to the long creep of hours until tea-time; the "Nu à la Bassine" and her cat never want to stir again, though the child at the door waits tensely for the day to waken as evening. This picture has been bought by the Felton Bequest for the National Gallery of Victoria, Australia.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

MISS JEANNETTE ALTWEGG: FOR PUTTING BRITAIN ON THE GOLD STANDARD IN MEDALS.

By winning the Olympic Women's Figure-Skating Championship, this twenty-one-year-old English girl, seen *left* at her home in Downe, Kent, and *above*, practising at Streatham, secured for Britain its first Gold Medal of the Sixth Winter Olympics. She is already World, European and British champion; her latest triumph fulfils her last ambition and she is now ready to retire. The crowd of 30,000 at Bislet Stadium had a roar of welcome for her alone, and were enthralled by her brilliant performance under the floodlights. The last British winner of the women's figure-skating title was Mrs. E. Syers in 1908.

Photographed by Houston Rogers.

ELOQUENT EYEBROW

This is Moyra Fraser, whose eyebrows are as individual as her signature and a clue to her whole personality. Now appearing in *Penny Plain* at the St. Martin's, she was for some years, from the age of thirteen, with the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company; there, besides dancing many of the great classical rôles, she created some outstanding new ones, including a lovely Sabrina in Helpmann's *Comus* and a mad (and madly funny) old hen in *The Birds*. She is a brilliant comedienne, on and off the stage, as well as an accomplished classical dancer. Later in the year she is to tour in *Penny Plain*, which will reach its 300th performance on March 14. In private life she is Mrs. Douglas Sutherland, with a daughter, Carol, aged four-and-a-half.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

By Cyril Butcher

THIS is written at a time when the sad circumstances of the death of King George VI. are still sharp in the nation's memory. The pall of shock and sorrow will inevitably persist for some time to come. It is a happy duty, then, to pay tribute to television's part in the illustration and recording of the poignant events that followed the Royal demise until the end of the funeral.

The main burden, naturally, fell upon the shoulders of the Outside Broadcasts Department and the Television Film Unit. If there is any rivalry between the two it was buried for this occasion, and they implemented each other to achieve a really noble result. We use the word "noble" with deliberation, for just as the late King's life can best be epitomised by that adjective, so television's picture of the aftermaths of his death were in fitting parallel.

We shall never forget the sight of the mourning public outside the gates of Buckingham Palace on that bitter, weeping February day, the tragic homecoming of the Queen, the slight easing of the heart during the Royal Proclamation, the simple sadness of the coffin's journey from Sandringham to Westminster Hall, the lying-in-state, and, finally, the solemn grandeur of the Royal funeral, portrayed in a mammoth broadcast. How beautifully television showed these deathless moments to its now vast public. The whole thing was done with exquisite taste and tact; the commentators kept their verbiage to a minimum and their voices to a level pitch of solemnity without ever becoming maudlin; producers and cameramen provided pictures of unflagging interest without recourse to probing close-ups of the Royal mourners. Nor must we ignore the public's debt to the engineers who had little time to arrange the many radio links and relays without which such a complete coverage would have been impossible.

Now let us consider television's significance at moments like this. What the viewing audience for the Royal funeral was, we can only estimate as several millions more than the normal four. The important fact is that they were representatives of the greater part of the British Isles. Had the event occurred a year or two later, even more would have been able to add their homage as it took place. But now the actual witnessing of happenings like this is no longer the monopoly of Londoners, or those who are able to visit the capital, with the rest of the country having to make do with oral broadcasts, pictures in the papers or cinema newsreels. It cannot be denied: television is gradually unifying our people.

And it is for this reason that we respectfully make the suggestion to her Majesty the Queen that she take advantage of this newest of mediums to enter the hearts and homes of her subjects. Her grandfather, King George V., marched with the times when he inaugurated the regular Christmas broadcast. The late King maintained this custom and also spoke at times of grave national dangers. May we humbly ask her Majesty to address her people on television as well as sound next Christmas—if not before? She has nothing to fear from the medium, and we remarked as much after the televising of her arrival at a film *première* several months ago. Her natural charm and dignity could not but fill the viewer's heart with loyalty and affection.

It is too late in the day to discuss the "panic-stations" attitude of the B.B.C. when this period of nation mourning suddenly burst upon the country. Television, like the other services, had its planned schedules more or less wiped out and a series of hastily put together makeshift programmes were substituted. We appreciate the difficulties with which everyone was faced and the loyal co-operation that made it possible for these to go on the air at all. But, however well-intentioned, the programmes were still hastily put together and makeshift, so we will say no more than to give a passing tribute to Eric Robinson, who spent a very busy few days on his conductor's podium.

The return to normal was marked by the latest excursion into television opera: George R. Foa's production of Verdi's *Rigoletto*. We wish it were possible to record a triumph, for we had much looked forward to this broadcast. But, alas, we found the doing of it only a shade better than not doing it at all. Chiefly it was the old, old trouble of singers and their acting. The facial grimace that takes the place of a natural expression of emotion, the empty sweeping gesture that overstresses reaction to the situation; these are conventions that have become accepted in the theatre. On television they merely make the artists look ridiculous. The singer has many problems of voice production, synchronisation with the orchestra and tricky musical entrances. The conditions in a television studio accent rather than minimise these. Mr. Foa had obviously tried to get genuine acting out of his cast, but the camera faithfully laid bare their preoccupation with their first concern: singing. And that singing, too, we had hoped to find of a higher order. Add some rather rough playing by the orchestra under the bâton of Charles Mackerras and an unconvincing, jumbled *décor* by that talented designer Stephen Bundy, and the reason for our disappointment becomes clear.

But the question remains: is television opera ever likely to be satisfactory? If one remembers *The Consul*, the answer is in the affirmative. Or was that just an exception? Should an entirely new approach be tried? The films have taken to dubbing the voices of fine singers on expert actors. Viewers may remember another possible solution in the shape of an enchanting short shadow-cartoon by Lotte Reiniger, "Papageno," which concentrated on one of the subplots of *The Magic Flute*. By courtesy of Mr. del Strother, who is responsible for booking films for television, we saw a second showing and found it entirely satisfying. Thinking in terms of *The Flying Dutchman*, *Aïda* or the giant operas of *The Ring*, we are tempted to conclude that the eventual answer will be a combination of cartoon stylisation and "live" sequences with dubbed voices. Unless there is an entirely new breed of actor-singer in the offing.

Maureen Springer and Edmund Donlevy in the macabre final scene of Verdi's opera *Rigoletto* which was recently televised.

It was interesting to compare two widely different treatments of the Young Idea. One was *Blunden's Club*, an important and interesting documentary, written and produced by Caryl Doncaster, on the problems facing Youth Clubs, in their efforts to persuade the modern teenager into the decent way of life. The other was the much heralded *Billy Bunter of Greyfriars School*. The first was brilliant, the second a trifle shaky; the reason lay in the writing. At least one boy, Keith Faulkner, was in both series. His performances showed that a young artist may be capable of a penetrating comment on the manners of his own time, but quite unable to grapple with the idiom of twenty or thirty years ago.

WATCHING BRIEF

Highlights of the Next Fortnight

ON Friday night (February 29) a new series, *About Britain*, will commence operations alternately with the popular *London Town*. It is the product of the same Richard Dimbleby-Stephen McCormack team, and will follow roughly the same pattern, with, of course, a much wider scope. This first programme will bring its focus to bear upon the Midlands.

To-night you can see Norman Wisdom—not unjustly rated by some as the funniest man in the country—in a show of his own, *The Way of Wisdom*. We wish him luck, and hope that he will not be too badly battered in a boxing sketch with Eddie Leslie and Freddie Mills.

Later in the evening there will be a light-hearted comedy by Alan Jenkins called *The Venus of Bainville*. In the best comedy tradition the plot is complicated and set on French soil. The cast includes Veronica Hurst, Raymond Young, Edward Chapman and Cameron Hall. Production by Leonard Brett.

On the more serious side, Ibsen's *The Wild Duck* will be given on March 2 and 6. Tatiana Lieven is directing the players, who include Marius Goring, Marcia Ashton, Walter Fitzgerald and Herbert Lomas.

Light-hearted again, we come to an Irish challenge to the Loch Ness Monster by Geoffrey Kerr, *The Monster of Killoon*. The production is by Dennis Vance, and the stars are Petula Clark (her television drama *début*) and Jack Warner.

Whether it will prove to be good television or not, we welcome back that astonishing human orchestra, The Don Cossack Chorus, who have been absent from this country for a long time. They will be seen on television on March 7 with dynamic Serge Jaroff conducting.

The Hon.
MRS. DAVID FELLOWES
and PETER

Mr. and Mrs. David Fellowes and their young son go to Spain on March 12. They have been lent a villa in Sitges, near Barcelona; Mr. Fellowes is representing various English publishing firms over there. He is the second son of the late Lord de Ramsey; she is a daughter of the late Sir James Domville and Kathleen Lady Domville.

In great white folds the mountains peel back from the deep valley, fir trees growing crisply in patches on the lower slopes. On windy days the sleigh ponies wear blinkers to protect their eyes from blowing snow ; usually, too, chains are attached over their hooves to their fetlocks to help them climb. This party above the Hahnenkamm consists of Lieut. Hugh Worthington-Wilmer, Miss Monica Wilson and Mr. Peter Fraser-Mackenzie.

Taking a well-earned rest after their strenuous efforts are Mrs. Ruck Keene, Vice-Admiral P. Ruck Keene, who was A.D.C. to the late King in 1946, and Mrs. H. Denham.

The Nursery slopes at Kitzbuhel are floodlit every night until 10 p.m., and visitors can ski until nearly bed-time. Here is Mr. David Wilson demonstrating a parallel turn to an interested audience.

A trip in the chair-lift at Ehrenbach Hoche is fun, even when under fire from snowballers beneath. *L. to r.*, Miss Priscilla Torin, Mr. Fraser-Mackenzie, Mrs. Torin and Colonel Lionel Torin.

L. to r., Colonel E. Parks, Mrs. P. J. Murray, Miss Margaret Williams and Mr. P. J. Murray at the Ski Club of Great Britain cocktail party given at the Guido Reisch Hotel, Kitzbuhel. Miss Williams officially represents the club.

Major "Bob" Bracken, "Father of British ski-ing," is a famous resident.

Focus on: KITZBUHEL

Here the Austrian mountains reach massively for the moon and sun; here is ski-ing by night as well as by day; ponies with bells on their collars pull you in sleighs up the slopes and there is nothing between you and the wide sky but unlimited, life-renewing air.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by George Konig.

At the S.C.G.B. cocktail party, *l. to r.*, Miss Anthea Leslie, Walter Oberleiter, Miss Cecilia Leslie, Karl Weischl, Mrs. Pearl Millar, Captain Robert Woods, Franz Hinterseer, Mrs. Rosemary Clarke, Mr. Peter Clarke and Miss Greta Burdick.

Baroness Stumm takes the kindergarten on the Nursery slopes: *l. to r.*, Prince Maxim Croy, aged five, Patsy Harvey, seven, Ingrid Allen, ten, Juan Allen, eight, and Paola Mariotti, five.

Others at the Ski Club of Great Britain cocktail party were, *l. to r.*, Mr. Peter Carson, Miss Sally Carson, Miss Morwenna Carson and Mrs. June Harvey.

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

IT is notable that the one minute that stands out most sharply from all the 152 others in Cecil B. de Mille's circus film, *The Greatest Show on Earth*, is a private joke between old film friends and has nothing whatsoever to do with the circus.

The picture is well set in its rowdy, crowded, gaudy, raucous, breathless, highly-coloured, vulgar and exciting course. Dorothy Lamour has just gone into her act in the centre ring, a South Sea number called "Lovely Luawana Lady." A cloud of glittering, iridescent performers on the high ropes are weaving their way through an aerial ballet. The camera cuts to the audience, pans along the rows of goggling adults, open-eyed and wide-mouthed children. For a fleeting instant it pauses on two familiar faces: Bob Hope and Bing Crosby, side by side in gaping silence, munching peanuts. Then it passes on.

This seems to me a touch of genius in a film that has less of genius than of brilliant showmanship. Not for more than a split second does it hold up the action, and the occasional picturegoer will scarcely be aware of it. But for millions of initiates, all over the world, who have revelled in the Hope-Crosby-Lamour association, that instant of recognition, that flash of unspoken comment, that intimation of the Road to Memory, may seem more congenial than all the rest of the film put together. In that one confidential instant, Mr. de Mille wins over thousands. *The Greatest Show on Earth* becomes our show.

It was a shrewd idea, in any case, to combine the spectacle of Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey Circus, which could be described, I suppose, as the tops of the Big Tops, with the spectacle of the screen's showiest showman. The film never stints us of circus, and the very best circus: three rings; more than sixty acts; parades, bands, sideshows, trapeze artists, clowns, sword-swallowers, acrobats, grotesques, performing elephants, lions, tigers, seals, dogs and horses; circus on the move; circus *in situ*; the wonderfully pictorial details of the erection and striking of the Big Top; circus training, circus dangers, circus casualties and circus *camaraderie*. At the same time, it finds room for a number of personal stories connected with this particular circus; the rivalry of a couple of high trapeze artists (Betty Hutton and Cornel Wilde) for the applause of the crowd; the plight of a doctor (James Stewart) who is wanted by the police for a mercy killing, and hides his too-widely-advertised features behind the scarlet and white of a clown's make-up; the hopeless love of an elephant girl for the circus manager, who prefers the lady trapeze artist; the revenge of a nasty bit of work who has been thrown off the circus midway for cheating at a doll concession. And there is some very convincing acting, particularly from Mr. Stewart, who manages to convey a wealth of feeling beneath the palimpsest of his make-up; from Charlton Heston as the circus manager, and Gloria Grahame as the elephant girl.

Apart from Mr. Stewart's performance, which has, I think, a measure of subtlety, it would be idle to pretend that *The Greatest Show on Earth* is a work of great artistic refinement. It is broad and exuberant and hard-working, childish and thrilling and blatant, and not all Mr. de Mille's insistence that he produced the film to spread light and laughter through a darkened world can quite dispel my lurking doubts that grotesques remain grotesque, animals should be animals, and that the excitement induced in men and women watching other men and women risking their lives on the swing of a trapeze, the strength of a rope, or the disciplined behaviour of a wild animal, may not be very far removed from hysteria bordering on savagery. Personally, I have no great love for circuses, although I admit that this may be due to a false squeamishness; and I can only suppose that my pleasure in a film so far removed from my own choice of entertainment springs from admiration of its technical achievement; an instinctive hurrah for a big job well done.

For all its size, excitement and hullabaloo, however, *The Greatest Show on Earth* may not command as much genuine affection in this country as a little thing of our own called *Hunted*. It cannot possibly have cost much to make. Played against a background of London's dockland, the northern moors, and a fishing village on the west coast of Scotland, it is a travelling piece that travels very light. It doesn't go in for spectacle, nor colour, nor hurly-burly, nor a huge cast, but it has something that few picturegoers can resist—a delightful child actor.

Little Jon Whiteley was only six when he made *Hunted*. He is the son of an Aberdeen schoolmaster, and his voice has the solemn and beautiful clarity of the educated Scots. He is a grave, composed child with tumbled fair hair and enormous eyes. His build is sturdy, but his movements haven't yet lost their puppy softness.

His part is a long and exacting one, for *Hunted* is essentially a two-character job. Although the film might roughly be described as a thriller—and was probably intended as such, before it became evident that the child was more effective than the plot—it is really a study of the relationship between two desperate people, a man and a small boy, who meet in a bombed cellar, otherwise occupied only by a body.

The man has murdered his wife's lover, and is on the run from the police. The boy imagines he has set fire to a house, and is on the run from his adopted parents. The man keeps the child with him on his flight, at first from fear of exposure, and later because he finds it useful to have someone to run the little errands and make the necessary purchases that he dare not risk himself. The child makes no attempt to escape from this curious comradeship. He doesn't like his fellow-traveller, and frankly says so, but still less does he like the idea of going home. Together they strike north, thumbing lifts when they can get them, and eventually reach Scotland and the moors. And by this time a change has come over their relations. The child has learnt to trust the man, and the man, more and more heavily burdened by his companion as the flight goes on, has grown too fond of him to leave him.

The end of the film is sentimental, but not incredibly so, and the playing is never sentimental at all. A child of six cannot possibly be expected to *develop* a rôle, but there is no doubt that Jon Whiteley has more than the ordinary child's ability for losing himself in make-believe. His demeanour is utterly unselfconscious, his attention absorbed, and he plays every individual scene as though his whole heart were in it. Whether he is watching, wide-eyed and fascinated, cheeks sucked in, while his companion plays the pin-tables, or enlivens a drowsy lorry-ride with a recitation of "The Owl and the Poossy-Cat" in his clear, Scots voice, he seems a child apart from everyday life.

This is magnificent, but it is not acting, and it would be doing an ill service both to the boy and the film to pretend otherwise. On Dirk Bogarde falls the real burden of interpretation in *Hunted*, and he acquits himself, I think, with remarkable credit. As every professional knows, it is the devil of a thing to ask of a man, that he should play against the competition of dogs or children. Mr. Bogarde makes the task look easy and natural; patiently "feeding" the child, who is the obvious asset of the picture, while doing the acting for two.

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH—and we find Messrs. Hope and Crosby spellbound in the circus audience.

HUNTED: A policeman (Harold Lang) tries to be friendly and scares Robbie (Jon Whiteley) out of his wits.

ANN TODD AND A NEW PICTURE

Ann Todd, photographed with her portrait by Imre Goth, the Hungarian painter, will soon be seen in David Lean's new film, *The Sound Barrier*, in which she plays the part of Susan Garthwaite, a test pilot's wife, who is described as "down-to-earth and realistic." Terence Rattigan wrote the script of this David Lean (Cineguild) production for London Films; Sir Ralph Richardson, Nigel Patrick and John Justin also appear in the film.

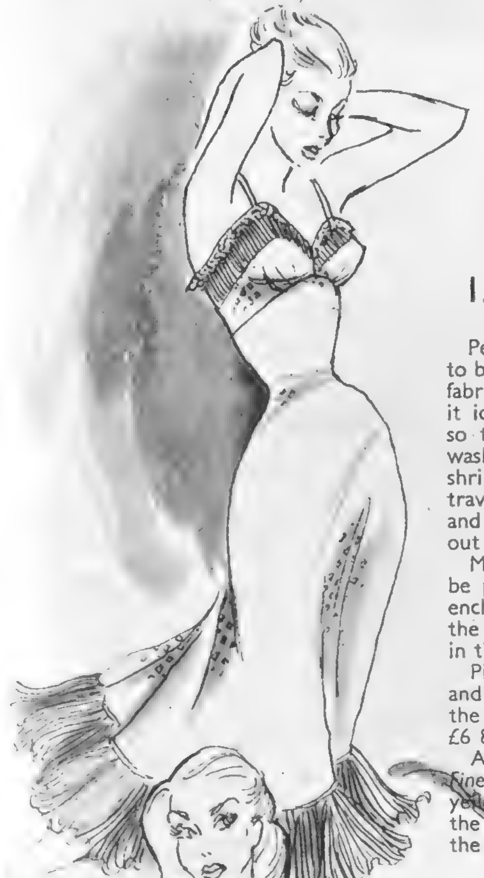
LINDY LOO

by Grace Wheatley, A.R.W.S.

Leap Year Plan of Campaign

Our Fashion Portfolio

by Elizabeth Penrose



I. LINGERIE NEWS IS STILL NYLON

Perhaps the biggest boon of this century to all women who strive to be as crisp and neat underneath as they are on top, is that versatile fabric *Nylon.* It has a unique combination of properties which make it ideal for lingerie. It combines light weight with great strength, so that even fine ninons and nets are tough and hardwearing. It washes easily, dries quickly and needs little or no ironing. It neither shrinks nor stretches, and so retains its shape after each wash. The traveller will find that the biggest flounce will pack away to nothing and any resulting creases disappear miraculously when it is hung out later.

Makers of nylon claim that it is the only fabric which can satisfactorily be permanently pleated. At *Liberty* in Regent Street you can find enchanting nylon slips with deep, permanently pleated flounces round the hem such as the one *on the left.* There is more permanent pleating in the bodice and the top is edged in nylon lace. It cost £5 16s.

Pink and white candy-striped nylon makes the prettiest of nighties and matching negligée at *Elizabeth Arden.* There is no need to iron the frills, just shake them out. The nightdress (*top, right*) costs £6 8s. ; the shawl-collared negligée (*below, left*) £8 15s.

Another exciting new fabric is a shadow-check nylon ninon. *Finewear's* charming nightdress (*below, centre*) is woven in soft pink, yellow and mauve checks. The skirt is cut on the cross, gathered at the back ; the horseshoe neckline is filled in and tiny buttons fasten the bodice. £10 10s. at *Harrods.*

A *Youthline* pantie made from all-American leno and satin Lastex, with open crotch and detachable suspenders. Small, medium or large fittings. About £3 16s. Plunge-line bra in crisp white nylon has an elastic diaphragm band. Sizes: 32-38 ins. About 23s.

Our Fashion Portfolio

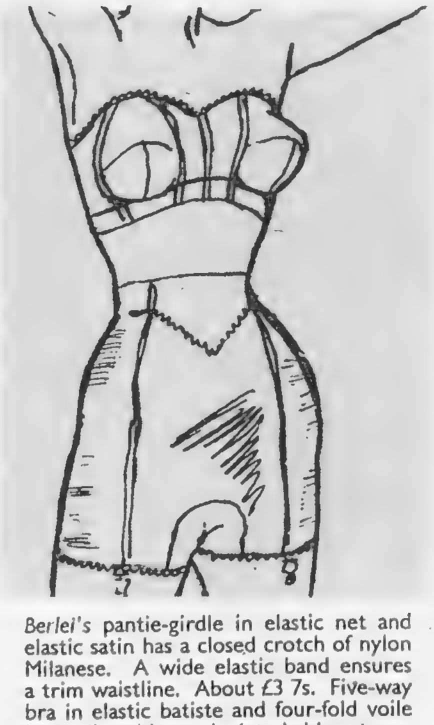
2. FIGURES AND FACTS

The design of foundation garments has progressed so far that now maximum control is achieved with minimum weight, and the fabric most responsible for this happy state of affairs is *nylon*. It is the obvious choice for corsets of to-day, because as well as having enormous tensile strength it washes easily and wears wonderfully. And there are some enchanting new fancy weave gauzes and power nets for lightweight belts and bras.

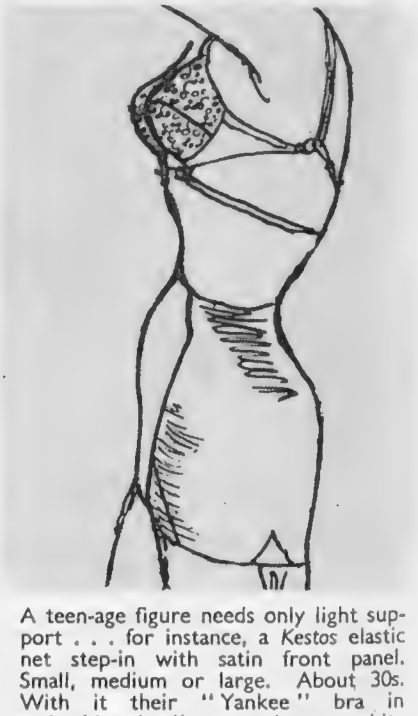
On March 17 National Corset Week will be in full swing. Corset manufacturers and retailers will show women the best foundations and educate them in the choice, wear and care of them. Many women do not realise, for instance, that a foundation garment, like a shoe, must be fitted by skilled hands; that it should be chosen with the help and advice of experts, and that individual figure problems can be overcome by the correct girdle or brassière.

This will be the week, then, to benefit by all the displays, parades and demonstrations that will be taking place in stores up and down Britain, and to buy a new foundation in readiness for slim suits and sleek dresses.

A waspie to reduce the waist from 2-3 ins. by *Caprice* in double nylon marquisette. It is lightly boned, has side panels of triple-strand elastic net, fastens with hooks and eyes. Tea-rose, black or white. Sizes: 22-28 ins. About 3 gns. Teamed with it, a matching strapless brassière. Clever feather boning controls the silhouette and gives a high bustline. Sizes: 32-38 ins. About £3.



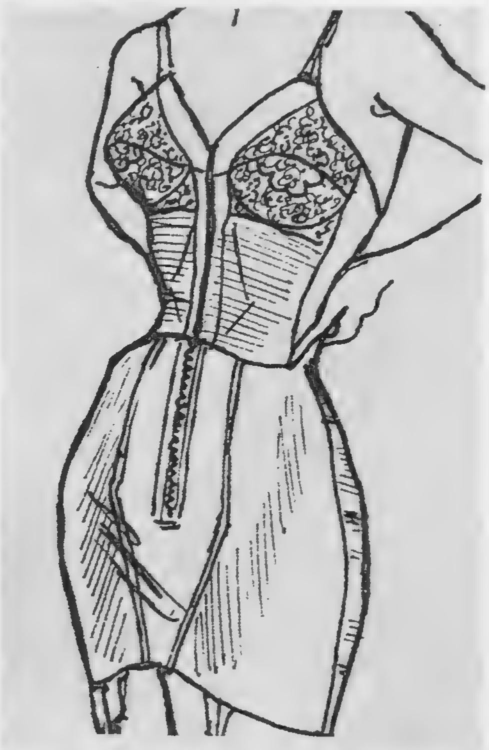
Berlei's pantie-girdle in elastic net and elastic satin has a closed crotch of nylon Milanese. A wide elastic band ensures a trim waistline. About £3 7s. Five-way bra in elastic batiste and four-fold voile has adjustable and detachable straps. Sizes: 32-38 ins. About £27.



A teen-age figure needs only light support . . . for instance, a *Kestos* elastic net step-in with satin front panel. Small, medium or large. About 30s. With it their "Yankee" bra in embroidered nylon net and strong white poplin. Sizes: 30-38 ins.

A sturdy step-in girdle by *Flexees* with satin Lastex panels front and back, and nylon power net sides. Tea-rose or white. Sizes : 24-30 ins. £2 15s. With it, a plunge-line brassière in satin and lace which fastens conveniently in front, in matching colours. Sizes : 32-38 ins. Moderately priced at 14s.

Warner's Le Gant shell-pink and shell-edged girdle of nylon Lastex leno has a rigid front panel of nylon jacquard. Weighs only 2½ ozs. and washes easily. Sizes : 24-28 ins. 28s. To match it, a bias cut bra in nylon jacquard, hem-stitched and shell-edged. Shoulder straps are adjustable. Sizes : 32-36 ins. 27s. 6d.



Light-weight garment for the larger woman from the *J. B. Dual-Stretch* range. A centre zip-fastening in the nylon front panel. Diagonal panels of elastic net smooth away hips. Sizes : 26-40 ins. About £4 8s. The Gothic long-line brassière has a concealed corded support. Sizes : 34-42 ins. £2 10s.

Gossard's girdle featuring their patented diagonal control has a new cut-away front. It comes well down over the seat ; is built high above the waist. Sizes : 25-34 ins. About 3 gns. With it a nylon bra with firmly stitched cups and elastic band in front. B. and C. fittings in sizes 32-40 ins. 25s.

For a really smooth line under a sheath dress, an all-in-one to control the bumps and bulges . . . perhaps *Au Fait's* corselette. It has a satin downward stretch back panel, satin front panel and elastic net sides. Sizes : 32-40 ins. About £8 10s.

For the average figure . . . an *English Rose* girdle of nylon coutil with elastic batiste side panels, lightweight but firmly controlling. Pink, white or black. Sizes : 24-30 ins. About £2. Brief brassière in nylon taffeta with nylon lace sections. Pink or white. Sizes : 32-36 ins. About 15s.

Our Fashion Portfolio

3. For the Slender Purse:

Nylon underwear is remarkably hardwearing, even when made from fabrics which look as delicate as a spider's web; that is why they are extremely good value and will repay initial outlay by giving a long life and a smart one.

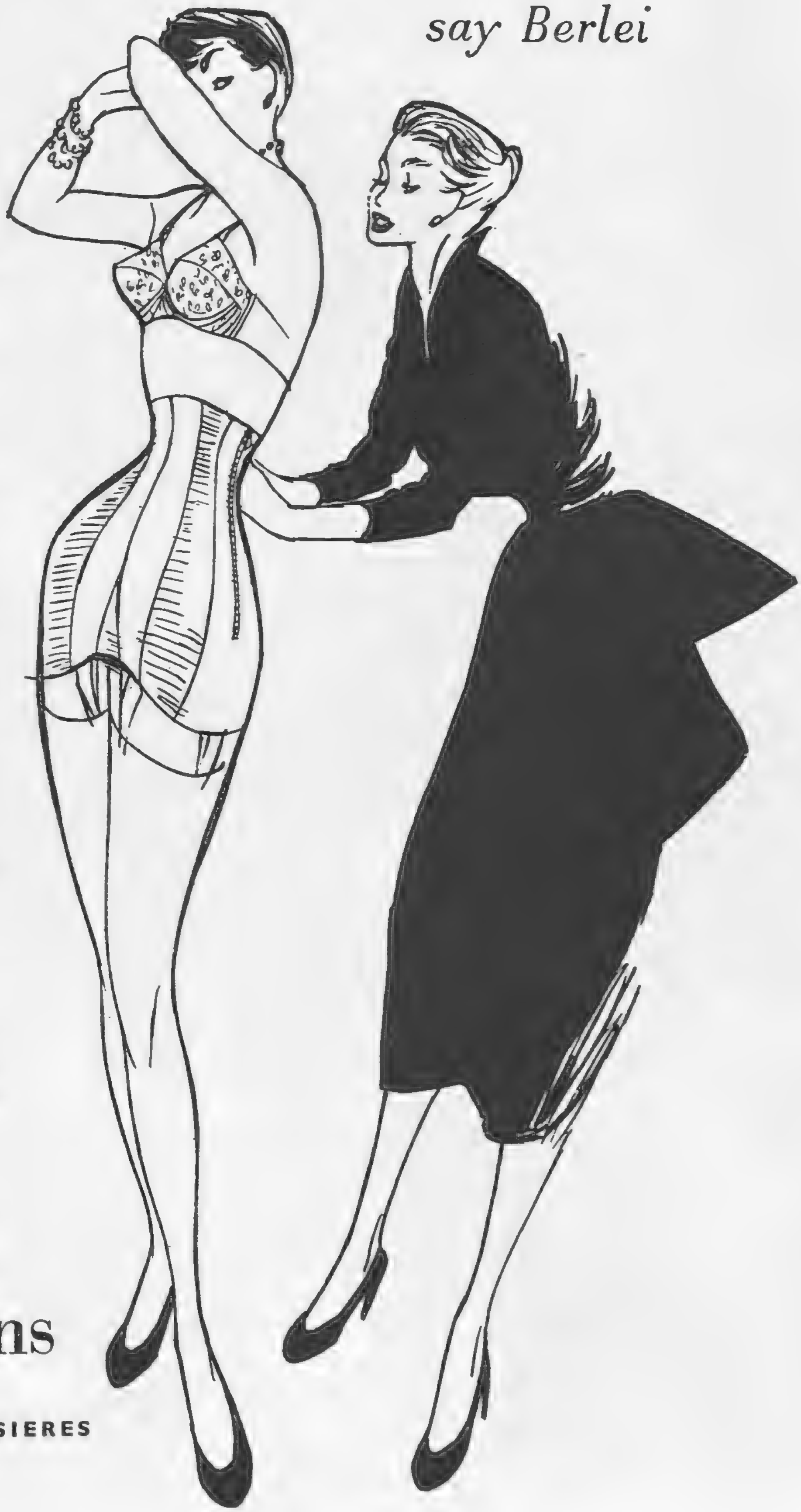
The camiknicker (*right*), tailored to perfection by Gossip, has the cut and finish of an expensive garment. In artificial silk and lace, or nylon, it costs only £2 12s. from good stores up and down the country.

Best-seller since its introduction into this country a short while ago is nylon tricot. It is particularly suitable for lingerie as it provides plenty of ventilation for the body, is substantial in texture and a miracle of ease in the wash-tub. *Kayser Bondor* use nylon tricot for a simple, beautifully-cut slip (*lower, right*) and knicker set (*centre*) which retails at £4 10s. The slip is cut in six panels, has adjustable shoulder-straps of nylon ribbon; a deep double flounce of 15-denier nylon tulle round the hem, bodice and on the panties.

The nightdress (*left*) in waffle nylon needs no ironing at all. The shirred midriff fits all figures. Choose it in black, pink, white or blue. About £3 10s. from *Fenwick* of New Bond Street.

The figure makes the dress and WE make the figure...

say Berlei



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TALES WITH A STING

THE INCONSTANT GHOST

By John Bowen

DURING the winter of 1948, I lived at the top of seventy-three stairs with a ghost named Jane, which was exciting enough in its way, but not what I had been led to expect. It was my first term in college. As I entered my room on the Friday of a week that had been devoted entirely to buying crockery and making unsuitable friendships, I saw her there, and thought, "Oh Lord, here 's another of them." She had sprung up as the door opened and covered her face with an apron. "Bin dustin'," she said, burst into tears—and vanished.

How can I describe her? You imagine her, perhaps, as tall, enveloped in some dark, clinging material, with cold hands, lank hair, and eyes in which icy fires burnt with despairing lustre. But Jane wasn't like that, her hands were always a little sticky, her apron rumpled, and she had a tendency to sniff. As to her ever wailing for a demon lover, the idea is absurd. When Jane wailed it was for something tangible, like another round of muffins. I never saw a ghost with such a craving for starchy foods.

She had come to Pembroke as a between-maid at the turn of 1870. She stuffed herself with bread and marge, and longed for better things. Her attic, later to become mine, was small, with just enough room to swing a cat, and after swinging cats for three months with increasing verve, she went too far and tried a bull-terrier. The consequent damage embraced the terrier, herself and a small Sèvres jug belonging to a junior bewhiskered Fellow so indescribably genteel as to have whipped Jane's facile affections into a whirlpool of adoration. She had stolen the jug as a concrete symbol of this illicit passion, and, now that it was broken, Love itself lay in exquisite splinters and the lees of life soaked irretrievably into a rag-rug her aunt had sent from Droitwich. Her own suicide in the autumn of '72, the result of an intemperate rollick with a gas-heaver's apprentice from Ebbw Vale, was an anti-climax.

She had never been beautiful and, with the passage of years and draughts in the passage, she became downright plain in a transparent sort of way. Poltergeists, they say, are attracted by ugly, unhappy, adolescent girls, but Jane couldn't even attract a poltergeist. She threw a little coal up and down the corridors for a while in the belief that this was some kind of mating signal, and once she laid a booby-trap for the Dean. But all to no purpose—she was the only ghost in college. When she complained about her loneliness, I advised her to go out into Society, and visit other rooms. "O-o-o-h!" she said shyly, "I daren't go a-haunting for fear of little men."

Looking back, I realise that it was madness to have befriended her. Yet we were happy at first. You are to see us, during those long evenings together, telling over the gentle, uneventful tedium of the day, I in the great armchair, she opposite, her pale hands plaiting pipe-cleaners—all peace, quiet and sunset calm.

After a while she began to lose her shyness, and, instead of coal, would launch delicate, lacy *patisseries*, which lay upon the shoulders of visitors in many-coloured flakes and spattered the dingy dinner-jackets of the dons with all the sudden glory of aurora borealis. Under my tuition, she blossomed from the gawky undisciplined little ghost I first knew into a gorgeous, full-blown exotic, bursting from her printed calicoes into the high-bosomed creations of Department Store millinery. High-heeled, wonderfully stockinged, wafting about her the springtime scents of the Sixpenny Counter, dangerous, alluring, caterpillar into butterfly, she began to hanker for wider horizons.

It is always the sculptor who is last to know. I remember how foolishly proud I was when she appeared, smothered in diamanté, at the first night of a fashionable whist-drive, and had a suffragan bishop springing to his feet and crying, "Hoch, Jane! Hoch!" and pelting her with peonies plucked from the corsage of the domestic bursar. That was the night she met Hubert.

Hubert, or to give him his full name—H. A. Presto—was a man to conjure with in these islands. They came together at table five for a slam in clubs. It was an evening of tension and tenderness: Jane had revoked twice already. For a moment her eyes rested, with a kind of ragged gladness, on her new partner. He appeared to have been carved by Henry Moore from living rock and, as he shuffled, his biceps rippled and surged like a python in a pillow-case. She determined not to revoke again.

I don't suppose there was any question in her mind of having to make a choice. In our own relationship she had found security, an anchor to her winding-sheet: Hubert was Adventure, calling irresistibly to the wild, deep dust of her. As complements, we ought to co-exist. But have you ever tried to entertain Jekyll and Hyde at the same tea-party? Hubert and I had nothing to say to one another. Hubert, as I see it, had nothing to say to anybody. As Rice Scholar in Irrelevant Phantasmagoria (and this formed a bond, you may be sure) he dealt very little in words. "Off," he would say, or "Wug!" and, having shot his conversational bolt, would relapse into silence.

It was not a tolerable situation. I was a constant host; Jane an inconstant ghost; Hubert just a constant. "You know I don't go out," Jane would say (though she was always going out like a candle in a huff, or a puff of smoke). "It 's a fine thing if I can't have a friend in for a cup of tea." Now that evenings at home had become a misery, I obtained a part-time post as "minder" at a factory. Jane said we needed the money for entertaining.

Perhaps we could have broken when I left my rooms in college and moved into lodgings. But I was lonely—and weak. So nothing changed. Hubert moved into my old rooms. And Jane now found me as necessary a confidant as she had made of him a companion. We continued to face each other across the teacups, though this time it was Hubert who bit moodily into his saucer.

Now it so happened that Jane, during those long, silent evenings, discarded her worsted and discovered a passion for the theatre. Her taste was conventional: she preferred, above all else, the English family comedy. Art revealed to her the inadequacies of her own environment, and she insisted upon Hubert installing french windows.

It was through these windows that Hubert stormed at half-past eleven on the evening of December 7, 1949, at the climax of the only quarrel those two had ever allowed themselves. My rooms (as I shall continue to call them) are on the fourth floor. He was dead of the shame of it before he hit the ground.

He had died in the open, in mid-air, in a state of mind that could by no stretch of meaning be called resignation. He is probably one of the most unhappy and least picturesque spectres in Oxford. You may apprehend him on any particularly moist evening, more or less disembodied but with a heavy head-cold, tapping unconvincingly on the windows of the fourth floor back.

Jane, who, though a little callous, has a deep sense of social obligation, generally manages to bring him a hot drink towards midnight. Meanwhile, she has struck up a platonic acquaintance with the present occupant of my rooms. He is teaching her to appreciate Giotto.

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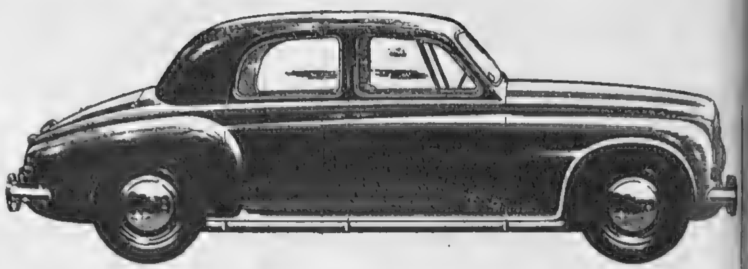

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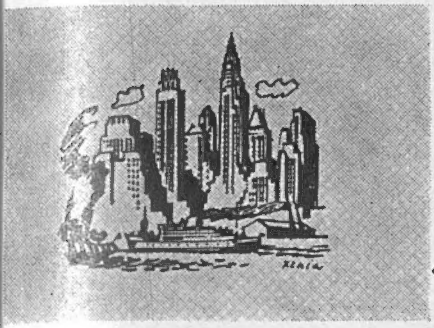

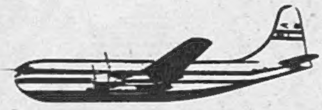

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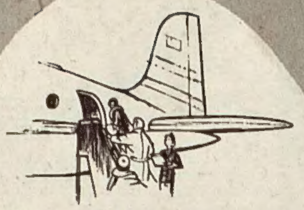
BRITISH RAILWAYS



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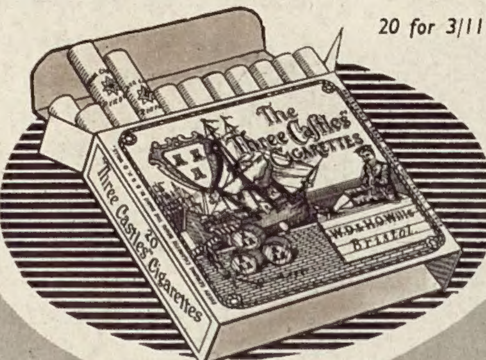

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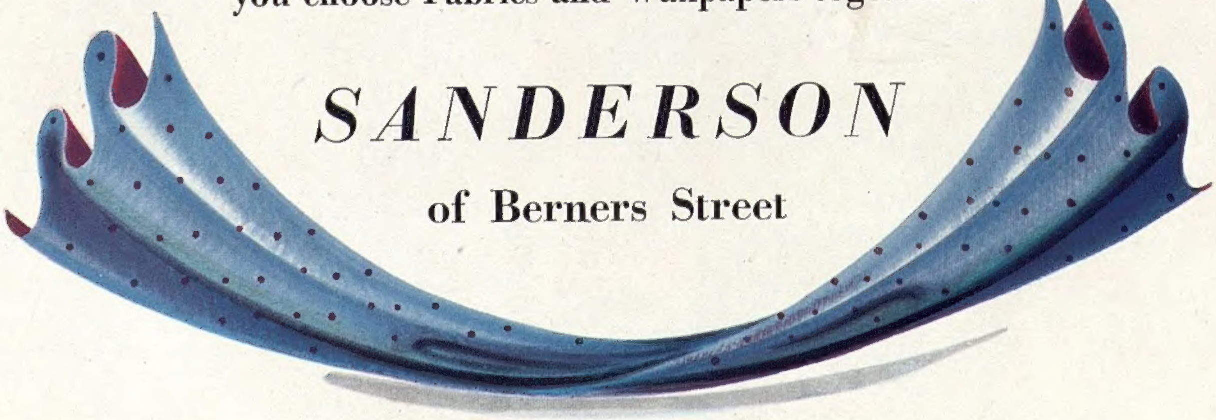

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